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# THE · VANDERBILT · STAGE



## THE LITTLE CO-ED

Price, 15 Cents

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

BOSTON



Class PS 635

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# The Little Co-Ed

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

By  
HAMILTON COLEMAN  
*and*  
HARRY OSBORNE

*Produced originally in vaudeville by Yuill and Boyd  
(1906-7) and later by King and Walton (1908-9)*

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BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.  
1910

# The Little Co-Ed

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## CHARACTERS

PS 635  
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RAE WINSTON, *a college student.*  
MR. WILSON, *a traveling salesman.*  
JACK, *a college student.*  
PROFESSOR SNOW, *one of the faculty.*

} *To be played by same person.*



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# The Little Co-Ed

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SCENE.—*A college man's room in a small Co-Ed college town. Time, 11 P. M. A practical window at back left of C., with lower sash raised, showing back drop of sky and tree tops. Door R. U. E. A chiffonier at back to right of window. Table with study lamp, books and papers at R. Morris chair left of table. Sanitary couch or cot placed diagonally with head up stage at L., and high enough from floor for a person to crawl under. Below cot at L., a screen.*

*(At rise stage is dark and moonlight is seen through open window. Clock in distant steeple is heard to strike eleven. The top of a ladder is seen to fall against window sill. A moment later MR. WILSON'S head appears at the window and he turns and speaks in guarded undertone.)*

WIL. It's all right—the window's open.

*(He climbs into room and, leaning out, holds the ladder steady. He wears light overcoat and derby hat.)*

RAE WINSTON *(heard outside)*. Don't let it slip, will you?

WIL. No, it's all right.

*(RAE climbs through the window. She wears a light cape, and beneath an evening gown.)*

RAE. Oh, I hope no one saw us.

WIL. They'd think we were burglars if they did.

RAE. I'd offer you a chair if it wasn't so late.

WIL. Of course I've got to go, but I'm puzzled to know how you found your own window among so many.

RAE. That was very simple. You see the girls' dormitories are in this block, and the men's in the next—my window is the third from the corner.

WIL. They all looked alike to me. Lucky we found that ladder, wasn't it?

RAE. Yes, indeed; if it was known that I was out of my room after ten o'clock, I would be expelled in disgrace.

WIL. The faculty are going to see to it that you learn something beside dancing, aren't they?

RAE. Yes, they are terribly strict. I enjoyed the dance so much.

WIL. I assure you the pleasure was all mine.

RAE. So clever of you to bring me safely home.

WIL. That was nothing. I must be going; which way is it to the hotel?

RAE. Turn to your right at the first corner, and then straight ahead.

WIL. Thanks, I'll find it. (*Climbs out the window.*) Good-night and good-bye.

RAE. Good-bye, Mr. Wilson; be careful—don't fall.

WIL. I won't. Good-night.

(*He disappears, going down the ladder.*)

RAE (*leaning out of window and speaking distinctly but low*). Oh, say, please take the ladder away.

WIL. (*heard outside*). All right.

(*The ladder disappears.*)

RAE. I'll have to undress and go to bed in the dark, I guess. (*She starts to walk around; then stops.*) Why, I must be all turned around—how funny the room looks. (*Stumbles over chair.*) My table! how did it get way over here? (*Her hand encounters a pipe on the table.*) What's this? A pipe—a man's pipe? Some one's been in my room. This is not my table—what is my bed doing over there? (*Becomes panic-stricken.*) Why, it's not a bed at all, it's a couch. Oh! (*Stifles the scream with her two hands and looks around in terror.*) I'm in the wrong—it's a man's room. (*Runs to the window and looks out.*) I'm in the men's dormitory. Oh, what shall I do; how can I escape? The ladder—it's gone. I might jump, but if I broke any bones I'd be found in the morning beneath a man's window. Oh, this is terrible—terrible! If I only dared scream. I have it. I'll tie the bed-clothes together and slide to the ground. (*Starts toward bed and stops sharply.*) Oh, he's probably in the bed. The door. (*Goes to door and tries it.*) Locked. Now I wonder if he is



in the bed? He may not have come home yet. He doesn't snore, anyway. (*Picks up book from table.*) I'll throw a book and if he's there, he'll jump up and I'll—jump out the window. (*Business.*) Not a sound. I'm alone. Now for the bed-clothes. (*As she reaches the bed, the sound of a key in the door is heard, and she pauses dumb with terror.*) He's coming. What shall I do?

(*Crawls quickly under cot with her feet toward audience.*)

*Enter JACK, at R. door. Evening clothes, high hat, long ulster or Inverness coat. He stumbles over chair and cusses softly under his breath.*

JACK. Who the devil has been moving my furniture? (*Lights the lamp on table, lights full up. Removes coat and hat.*) That's the last time I'll be dragged off to a dance. I'm going to cut it all out—stay home and grind. (*Takes off dress coat.*) Girls make me tired, anyway. (*Takes off vest.*) All they think about is dancing and clothes. (*Fills pipe and lights it as he goes on.*) I wonder who that fellow was she had with her. Well, if she likes him better than me she can have him. He was a cheap sport, anyway, didn't even have a dress suit. Nowadays a fellow never knows whether he's engaged to a girl or not over night. (*Disgusted.*) I'm going to forget it and dig.

(*He slips his suspenders off his shoulders, and as RAE sees this she covers her face with her hands, and gives an involuntary exclamation.*)

RAE. Oh!

JACK. What's that? (*Looks all around, and then picks up book from table.*) I thought I killed that cat. (*Tiptoes stealthily to window, takes careful aim and lets fly.*) That cat has nine thousand lives. (*Puts on bath robe.*) Greek exam. tomorrow; I'll have to get started before Professor Snow comes. (*Lays down on cot with book and pipe, head high on pillows. RAE works over to the edge of cot trying to see his face; he smokes and scowls in perplexity.*) What good does Greek do a fellow anyway? (*After putting his pipe in his mouth his hand drops over the edge of the cot onto RAE's upturned face. His jaw drops; eyes open wide in consternation. He feels over her face with changing expressions on his face. RAE is too frightened to move or cry out.*) He's asleep—it must be a

burglar—smooth face for a burglar, though. I know it's a gentleman burglar, a Mr. Raffles—gets a close shave and electric massage before he starts to burgle. (*Gets up cautiously.*) I'll just get the drop on him before he wakes up, and if he gets fresh, I'll wing him. (*As he goes to dresser at R. for his revolver, RAE rolls back out of sight.*) I guess this will bring him to.

(*Shies a book under the cot, keeping the revolver leveled.*  
RAE thrusts out one dainty ankle and screams.)

RAE. Oh!

JACK. Ah, ha, it's a Mrs. Raffles. You may be a desperate criminal, Mrs. Raffles, but I'd be a worse one to disfigure such a beautiful ankle. Your ankles have saved your life.

RAE. Please don't shoot.

JACK. I won't unless you scream; promise not to scream.

RAE (*tearfully*). I promise.

JACK. Come out.

RAE. Yes, sir. (*Crawls out from under the cot.*)

JACK (*in great surprise*). Great heavens! Rae Winston! How—what—?

RAE (*starting toward him*). Oh, Jack—Jack, is it really you? (*Stops suddenly and turns away.*) Oh, I forgot that we had quarreled and didn't speak.

JACK. Aw, what have I done?

RAE. You know well enough.

JACK. Because I said something about your ankles?

RAE (*stamping her foot*). No.

(*Audience sees her gratified smile.*)

JACK. What did we quarrel about?

RAE. You told me you were not going to the dance, and then deliberately walked in with Fanny Nelson.

JACK. The temptation of dancing with you made me change my mind, and when I called for you and found you had gone with some one else, I persuaded Miss Nelson to go.

RAE. You have no right to change your mind.

JACK (*jealous*). I noticed some one else did pretty well in my place.

RAE. He's a beautiful dancer.

JACK. Yes, but an awful poor guide. Think where he brought you.

RAE (*realizing her situation*). Oh, Jack, I forgot, you must get me out of here. It must be nearly twelve o'clock. I'll forgive everything, only see me safely home.

JACK. Say, how the deuce did you get here?

RAE. Through the window.

JACK. The window?

RAE. Yes, you see your window is third from the corner, and on the third floor the same as mine. The buildings are the same. The doors were closed, we found a ladder and—I guess I must have been confused. Before I discovered my mistake he had gone and taken the ladder away.

JACK. In other words, you were marooned.

RAE. Marooned? What's that?

JACK. Marooned is a term used by sailors when one of their number is left to starve on a lonely desert island.

RAE. Then I'm on a lonely desert island?

JACK. You are.

RAE (*with sweeping gesture toward audience*). What's that out there?

JACK. That? That's the ocean.

RAE. Aren't there any schooners on the ocean?

JACK. No, but the man on the aisle just went out to get one.

RAE (*shading her eyes*). Oh, there's a sea-gull.

JACK. Don't be gulled into thinking that a sea-gull; it's a feather on a woman's hat.

RAE (*pointing L.*). There's a wreck out there.

JACK. Yes, he's a total wreck.

RAE. What caused it?

JACK. Wine, women and song.

RAE. It's lonely here. Am I the only living thing on the island?

JACK. No, indeed, the island is inhabited by a band of ferocious, bloodthirsty cannibals.

RAE. Then who are you?

JACK. I am their chieftain.

RAE. Is there no way of escape?

JACK. Just one.

RAE. And that is — ?

JACK. Marry me and together we will leave these lonely shores and live forever in a land of sunshine and flowers.

RAE. Oh, I could never marry a cannibal chief.

JACK. Why not?

RAE. Because if I ever started to preach or lecture you, you might take me for a missionary—I'd hate to be roasted by my own husband.

JACK (*starting off R.*). Very well, I'll leave you to your fate, and in the morning you'll be roasted by the whole college.

RAE. Oh, Jack, let's not pretend any more. I'll be expelled in disgrace. Please get me out of here before it is too late.

JACK. I'll have to go out and reconnoiter and see if the halls are clear. (*Throws off bath robe and grabs his coat.*)

RAE. Hurry, won't you, Jack?

JACK. I'll only be gone a minute, don't worry.

[*Exit JACK, R. door.*]

RAE. What a treasure Jack is! I feel sure I can trust him. I don't know how he'll ever manage it, but I know he'll find some way to get me out of here without being seen. What a narrow escape I've had. Suppose it had been some other man's room instead of Jack's. I tremble to even think of it. (*A knock is heard at R. door.*) What was that? Sounded like some one knocking. (*Knock is repeated.*) It's some one to see Jack. Who can it be at this hour? Oh, why isn't he here? What shall I do? (*Knocking again repeated; with sudden inspiration.*) I know, I'll pretend that I'm Jack. (*Speaks gruffly.*) Well, who's there?

PROFESSOR SNOW (*outside*). I beg pardon, it's Mr. Snow.

RAE (*aside*). Good gracious, Mr. Snow, the Greek Professor; now I am in for it. (*Aloud.*) Well, what do you want?

SNOW. I beg pardon, I wish to see Jack.

RAE. Jack isn't in.

SNOW. So I gather from the frigidity of my reception, but he told me to make myself at home until he arrived.

RAE (*in desperation*). You—you can't come in.

SNOW. Pray tell me whom I have the pleasure of addressing?

RAE. I—I am Jack's roommate.

SNOW. Then under the circumstances I shall be compelled to enter.

RAE. Wait—wait just a second, won't you?

(*She hurriedly slips on JACK's bath robe and putting on his hat, pushes her hair up under.*)

SNOW. I can wait just twenty seconds, but not one second longer.

RAE. All right, come in.

(SNOW enters at R. door. About sixty years old, gray hair and side-burns, Prince Albert coat, carries umbrella under one arm, books under the other.)

SNOW (*speaking effeminately*). It's very annoying to wait. (*Adjusts his glasses.*) Well, well, dear me, I never saw you before; who are you?

RAE. I'm Jack's roommate, I said.

SNOW. Roommate, I beg pardon, did you say roommate?

RAE. Yes, I did. Do you want me to spell it for you?

SNOW. Dear me, of course not; but Jack told me this morning that he didn't have a roommate and didn't want one.

RAE. Well, he—he's changed his mind. Have you any objections?

SNOW. Of course not. What did you say the name was?

RAE. I didn't say, but if you want to know, why it's Tom.

SNOW. To be sure, of course, how stupid of me, and the surname?

RAE. Say, are you working for the city directory? Smith, Tom Smith.

SNOW. To be sure, of course; and what part of this fatherland of ours claims you as a member of its community?

RAE. Say, professor, can't you break that up in smaller pieces and dish it out to me again?

SNOW. Most remarkable language, I might say almost bewildering. Ah, what town do you hail from?

RAE. I hail from Boston.

SNOW. To be sure, of course. Are you aware, my young friend, that it is most injurious for you to wear your hat in the house? You are liable to contract a severe cold on venturing out-of-doors.

RAE. It's *my* hat, isn't it?

SNOW. Dear me, how should I know?

RAE (*threatening*). Are you trying to insinuate that I stole it?

SNOW. Dear me, I should hope not.

RAE (*coming closer*). Hope not? Say, is this my hat or isn't it?

SNOW (*frightened*). It is, that is I trust so.

RAE. Well, you'd better trust so.

SNOW. Still on second thought it does look a little too large for you.

RAE. I advise you right now not to have any more second thoughts.

SNOW (*backing away*). To be sure, of course, certainly.

RAE. And something tells me that this room isn't large enough to hold us both.

SNOW. Yes, but I have to wait for Jack.

RAE. I don't know when he'll be here.

SNOW (*seating himself*). Oh, I'm used to waiting.

RAE. You can't wait here.

SNOW. You mustn't mind me, you know; any time you wish to you may remove your clothes and go to bed.

RAE (*sailing a sofa pillow at him*). Remove my clothes! Go to bed? The very idea! How dare you? Leave the room.

SNOW. I beg pardon, but I prefer to remain.

RAE (*taking revolver and pointing it*). Leave the room.

SNOW (*weakening*). To be sure—of course—upon second thought I will.

RAE. And be quick about it.

SNOW (*going*). You are most impertinent, sir, most impertinent. I will report you to the faculty.

RAE. There'll be a report right here if you don't hurry.

SNOW. To be sure, of course. [*Exits quickly, R. door.*]

(*RAE throws off bath robe and hat and sinks into chair exhausted.*)

RAE. Oh, I'm glad I got rid of that old fusser without his suspecting anything. Supposing there should be a Tom Smith in the college! I'd feel sorry for him. I wish Jack would hurry. If any one else should come I'd go all to pieces. (*Enter JACK, hurriedly, R. door.*) Oh, Jack, Professor Snow was just here.

JACK. Yes, I just bumped into him—he was scared to death.

RAE. What did he say?

JACK. He asked me if I had a roommate.

RAE. What did you tell him?

JACK. I said not yet, but soon.

RAE. How are you going to get me out?

JACK. I can't get you through the halls—old Tompkins is on the door, and the only way to get rid of him is to chloroform him.



RAE. What shall we do?

JACK. I have it—you put on a suit of my clothes and we'll walk out together.

RAE. Oh, Jack, how can you suggest such a thing?

JACK. It's the only way I know of; you can't stay here.

RAE. No, of course not.

JACK. No one will ever know of it but just we two.

RAE. I might put on your coat and hat, but I could never put on—put on your—your—— (*Confused, and turns away.*)

JACK. What do you mean, trousers? (*RAE nods assent.*) Oh, yes, you can. You know you're going to wear the trousers some day, and you might as well begin now.

RAE. Is there no other way?

JACK. It's the best way I can think of.

RAE. I'll do it. Where's the suit?

JACK (*getting suit from chair*). Right here. I hope it fits.

RAE. I hope it *don't* fit. Where shall I go?

JACK (*pointing to screen, L.*). Over there.

RAE. How about *my* clothes?

JACK. I'll put them in the suit case and take them along.

(*JACK gets suit case and empties it, and RAE runs behind screen.*)

RAE. All right, let's hurry.

JACK. I'm all ready; let her go.

RAE (*throwing a waist over the screen*). Here's this.

JACK (*catching it*). It's like desecration to put you in this old leather case.

RAE (*throwing over corset cover*). Don't forget this.

JACK. I wonder what that is?

RAE. Never mind what it is. (*Throws over skirt.*) Don't wrinkle this.

JACK (*rolling it up in a bundle and crushing it in the suit case*). All right.

RAE (*throwing over petticoat*). Is there room for this?

JACK. Lots of room. I'd like to pack your trunk.

RAE. That's all, but don't close it.

JACK. Why not?

RAE. And don't look at me, will you?

JACK (*going up and getting his coat and hat*). No, I won't. (*RAE comes out from behind screen holding a pair of pink corsets behind her so JACK won't see them. She is dressed in*

*coat and trousers. She slips corsets in suit case and is closing it as JACK turns.)* Did you forget something?

RAE. No, I hid something.

JACK. Are you ready?

RAE. I'm ready for anything.

JACK. I wish you were ready to be my roommate forever.

RAE. Oh, Jack, don't be foolish.

JACK. I'm not foolish, only serious. *(Takes her hands.)*  
Do you remember the ring we saw in the jeweler's window yesterday?

RAE. Oh, there were so many.

JACK. Yes, but there was one that I thought would just fit one of your dear fingers. Please let me get it and put it there.

RAE. The stores are all closed now.

JACK. But they'll be open to-morrow. Please let me do it, Rae, for I love you.

RAE *(yielding)*. I'll be proud to wear it.

JACK *(taking her in his arms)*. Let's seal the bargain

*(He kisses her.)*

## QUICK CURTAIN

*(For second curtain, JACK is seen carrying the suit case arm in arm with RAE, going toward R. door.)*



## COMEDIES.

---

# TRYING IT ON BELDON.

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Seven male, four female characters. Costumes, modern and eccentric; scenery, an easy interior, or may be dispensed with altogether. Mr. Beldon, the father of a family of hypochondriacs, decides to turn the tables. He accordingly shams illness, whereupon everyone insists on his taking their favorite medicine, and privately sends for his or her own pet doctor, all of whom arrive at once. In the midst of it all an invitation arrives to a fishing party, which he has greatly looked forward to, so that Beldon's misery is complete. At this juncture Jack Phelps, a young doctor, who has been refused the hand of Beldon's daughter, because he belonged to that hated profession, turns up, and by an exhibition of sheer common sense wins father and daughter at the same time. A sharp rap at the medical profession, broadly but effectively done. Plays forty minutes.

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ADELAIDE SPOONER SPIDER . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
POLLY ROBBET BAKER . . . . .	<i>Conductress.</i>
REBECCA HARTSHORN SHOEMAKER } . . . . .	<i>Marshals.</i>
LORINDA LIVEFOREVER MOSES }	
ROXANA HUNTOON JACKSON . . . . .	<i>Guard.</i>
MARY ANN BROWN OLINGERLONGER . . . . .	<i>Assistant Guard.</i>
BARBARA HANCOCK YELLOWHAMMER . . . . .	<i>Candidate.</i>
SUSANNAH DOOLITTLE DAYSRING.	
ARABELLA UNDERWOOD HOLLYHOCK.	
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### CHARACTERS.

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JAMES HEATON, *an architect.*  
FREDERICK LOWELL, *Bishop of Hoboken.*

MARGARET ROSWELL, *Heaton's fiancée.*  
JACKSON, *butler at "Fairthorn."*  
MARIE DEMARQUE, *actress.*  
MRS. MCGILLION, *housekeeper at "Fairthorn."*  
TOMPKINS, *butler.*  
WILLIAMS, *maid.*  
WATKINS, *farmhand.*

### SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. SCENE I. — Mrs. Compton's summer residence. A house up in arms. The maid and the manager. SCENE II. — The same, at midnight. The Bishop and the Burglar.

ACT II. — Still the same. A "star" in the ascendant. Turning the tables. The stolen brooch.

ACT III. — Back in town again. A mystery solved. An extemporized wedding. Benefit of clergy. The real manager.

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